

EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR SHIRTWAIST OR BLOUSE



OR BLOUSE

EYELET
STITCH

SATIN
STITCH

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more suitable embroidery design for a blouse than the one hereto shown, combining, as it does, delicate patterns for the most fragile texture. The work should be completed wholly in eyelet, satin-stitch and backstitch outlines. Lace motifs can be inserted in the scrolls, or these scrolls may be crossed and recrossed with outline stitches to form a delicate latticework. Outline all large rings, or eyelets with ordinary sewing thread, to make more firm the edges. Either puncture the eyelet with a gauge or slit an x in the center with the scissors. Turn the edges under and backward as shown in the eyelet stitch of the design. Use a single thread, have all stitches even and do not draw the thread too tight. Aim to complete all dots in eyelet, or finish in satin stitch. Heavy portions of the scrolls should be finished in satin stitch. Carry no thread from one finished design to its companion, or the thread will show.

While this is most beautiful for a waist design, yet it opens up many possibilities for its use on a yokeless nightgown.

TO TRANSFER THIS DESIGN

Put a cake of soap (laundry soap will do) in a pint of hot water, stir vigorously and remove the soap. Saturate this design with the soap and water mixture, then remove the excess moisture by partially drying the saturated design or by applying a sheet of blotting paper. Place the material or fabric to which the design is to be transferred on a hard, flat surface and lay the design, face down, upon the material. Cover with a dry sheet of thick paper or two folds of newspaper, and with the bowl of a tablespoon rub, pressing hard, until the design is entirely transferred, being careful to rub from rather than toward you. When rubbing, you can see if enough pressure is being applied by lifting a corner of the design to note how well it is taking. Do not wet the material nor rub the face of the design with damp fingers. To remove the design lines after the article is completed, wash in warm water, with soap. The entire process is very simple and with a little care you can easily make perfect transfers to any kind of goods.

PATENT PENDING.

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VANITY OF VANITIES.

From the New York Times.

"Vanity is about equally distributed between the sexes," said the beauty doctor, who is an expert in the art of subcutaneous hydrocarbon protheses. "Men are not more vain than women, nor women than men, though I believe that women get the credit generally for more vanity. I could tell you many tales of the operations men go through with to be made more beautiful. Look at this picture of this old beau. Isn't he handsome? He is eighty-five if he is a day, and I think there is hardly a part of his countenance upon which I have not operated. There is scarcely a month that he hasn't come here to have some line of his face carved into greater nobility and beauty. I have cut open the bags under his eyes and sewed them up again, taking out unnecessary cuticle; I have sewed up the wrinkles around his mouth, doctored his double chin, and shaped up the lobes of his ears to suit his idea of grace and beauty.

"These operations are not painful at the moment, because I use plenty of cocaine, but you'd think the after effect would be too much for such an old gentleman. Wouldn't you? But it isn't, it seems. He is bound to be beautiful. "Well, he has plenty of money, and that seems to be his principal aim in life, I am here to foster it. * * * Dandy prices he pays me, I can tell you that. "I had another customer who was a queer guy. He wanted his chin made into the shape of Napoleon's. He brought a little bust of Napoleon with him every time he came for me to carve it by. Had me take piece after piece out of his chin to square it, but he got me nutty about that little old bust. Seemed to be afraid I'd steal it. Kept it near him every minute. Wouldn't let me touch it. Just let me look at it to go by. "I was glad when I got his chin to his liking and he took himself and the bust off. What did I want with it? It could not have cost more than \$2. Three at the very most. "Men are fairly steady of nerve when it comes to these delicate operations, but they aren't in it with the women. They seem to be able to stand any sort of pain better than men. A woman came to me not long ago to have her ears sewed back. They stood out in a way that was anything but beautiful. I put her in the chair and examined her ears. They were in a frightful condition. I found many places that had been stitched again and again, some that were not healed yet. "You have already been operated on," I said. "No, she hadn't. Finally she admitted the truth. Her ears were so abnormal she was ashamed of them. When she went to a party she had her maid sew

them back to her head with a common needle and thread.

"What do you think of that? No cocaine. No anything, and yet she stood it again and again, many times from the looks of her ears.

"You see those photographs on the mantel, before and after operations? They are of a young Kentucky distiller, whose nose was so sunken he was a fright. You can see how handsome he was when I finished with him. No, they are not twin brothers or doctored photographs. The same fellow.

"Grateful! I should think he was. He not only paid me what I asked him, and it was no small sum, but he sent me three barrels of the finest Kentucky whiskey you ever tasted. I sold them for \$48 the barrel.

"Yes, I netted quite a neat little sum from that young Kentucky distiller's vanity.

"You should see the list of Newport swells I have operated on, who telegraph me to come down, all expenses paid, whenever they want a tuck taken in an eyelid or a reef in a double chin, or a stitch in an upper eyelid, or an eyebrow carved into more graceful lines than those followed by nature. The common people must remain as God made them, but not so the rich. I make them over. When you've got money to burn it's a quick way to burn it, though I will say I have done some charity work in my time for the love of it.

"There was a young woman who came from a small town in Pennsylvania to have her nose straightened. She had no idea what it cost. She had brought \$15 with her for the operation and her board while it was being done. Fifteen dollars would hardly pay her board at a desirable boarding-house.

"But the tale she told was pitiful enough to start any knife working. She had been engaged for several years, but her sweetheart kept putting off the marriage until finally she came to the conclusion that it was her nose. He made several slighting remarks about it. That was why she thought so, and so she made up her mind to come to me.

"I straightened it. When she left the city you'd have hardly recognized her. She was such a handsome girl. Pay me? Certainly not. I never expected it. It was a labor of love, but every little while I have some token of her gratitude, and the story she tells me in her little grateful letters are enough pay. Her sweetheart fell in love with her all over again the moment he saw her. She has two beautiful children now. Isn't that enough pay?"

The Spoon.

A spoon is an insignificant thing in itself, but it has caused a good deal of stir.

ASSASSIN'S TASK AN EASY ONE

Continued from Page One.

had leased the rooms a few days before.

The murderer rushed into the street after the explosion, and was captured. The assassination of Chief Karpoff was undoubtedly in furtherance of the plots against the secret police, which grew out of the revelation of some remarkable scandals in connection with the operation of the system. The Russian revolutionary socialists discovered that an unknown number of their members were agents of the secret police. Exposures, charges of disloyalty to the revolutionary cause, and counter charges followed. Since then the secret police have been the special objects of revolutionary hatred and assassinations.

Premier Yi, the head of the Korean cabinet, was fatally stabbed on the same day by a Korean, Yie Chalm Yong. The assassin was a young Christian, who for many years had been a resident of the United States. The premier was riding in his jinriksha when the assassin came up with a long kitchen knife in his hand. He drove this three times into the body of the premier. He then turned on the jinriksha man, whom he stabbed and instantly killed. The premier was removed to the hospital. His assailant was immediately arrested. He was a member of a secret political society.

Opposed to Annexation.

Arthur Mason Tappan Jackson, chief anti-Japanese sentiment in Korea. He vigorously opposed the faction among the Koreans which favored annexation to Japan, and refused to present a petition for annexation to the Korean Emperor. Notwithstanding his known sentiments in regard to the relations between Japan and Korea, Marquis Ito regarded Yi as an honest and conscientious patriot and refused to listen to the premier's repeated requests that he be allowed to resign his office.

Arthur Mason Tappan Jackson, chief magistrate of Nasik, in the presidency of Bombay, was assassinated by a native while attending a theatrical performance. Jackson had been in the British Indian service since 1888. The motive for the murder is supposed to have been a wish for revenge upon the magistrate, who had recently sentenced a criminal to life imprisonment. Nasik is described as a hotbed of sedition.

M. de Plehve, the Russian minister of the interior, was assassinated on July 28, 1904. A bomb was thrown into his carriage while he was driving to the Baltic station, in St. Petersburg, to take a train for Peterhof, where he was to make his weekly report to the czar.

The infernal machine was thrown with deadly accuracy, and the assassin was favored by the fact that traffic where the tragedy occurred was heavy, owing to the

LIST OF ASSASSINATIONS.

A comprehensive list of the successful assassinations and attempts at killing in the last century and in the first decade of this one is as follows:

Napoleon I, attempt, December 24, 1800.
Paul, czar of Russia, March 24, 1801.
Spencer Percival, premier of England, May 11, 1812.
George IV, attempt, January 28, 1817.
Andrew Jackson, President United States, attempt, January 30, 1835.
Louis Philippe of France, many attempts, from 1835 to 1846.
Frederick William of Prussia, attempt, May 22, 1830.
Francis Joseph of Austria, February 18, 1853.
Ferdinand Charles III, Duke of Parma, March 27, 1854.
Isabella II of Spain, three attempts, from 1847 to 1856.
Napoleon III, three attempts, from 1855 to 1858.
Daniel, Prince of Montenegro, August 13, 1860.
Abraham Lincoln, President United States, April 14, 1865.
Michael, Prince of Serbia, June 10, 1868.
Prima, marshal of Spain, December 28, 1870.
Richard, Earl of Mayo, governor general of India, February 8, 1872.
Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, June 4, 1876.
William I of Prussia, three attempts, from 1861 to 1878.
Alexander II, czar of Russia, six attempts, and finally killed by explosion of bomb March 13, 1881.
Mohammed Ali Pasha, September 7, 1878.
Humbert I, King of Italy, attempt, November 17, 1878.
Lord Lytton, viceroy of India, attempt, December 12, 1878.
Alfonso XII of Spain, two attempts, 1875-78.
Bartolomeo, premier of Roumania, attempt, December 14, 1880.
James A. Garfield, President United States, July 2, 1881.
David C. Hennessy, chief of police of New Orleans, La., shot by members of the "Mafia," October 15, 1890.
Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, October 28, 1893.
Marie Francois Carnot, President of France, June 24, 1894.
Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, May 1, 1896.
Stanislav Stambuloff, premier of Bulgaria, July 23, 1896.
Canovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain, August 8, 1897.
Juan Idiarte Borda, President of Uruguay, August 8, 1897.
Jose Maria Reyes Barrios, President of Guatemala, February 15, 1898.
Empress Elizabeth of Austria, September 10, 1898.
Gov. William Goebel, of Kentucky, shot January 31, 1900.
Edward VII of England, attempt, April 4, 1900.
Humbert, King of Italy, July 29, 1900.
William McKinley, President United States, September 6, 1901.
Alexander, King of Serbia, June 11, 1903.
Draga, Queen of Serbia, June 11, 1903.
Governor General Bobrikoff, of Finland, June 16, 1904.
Von Plehve, minister of the interior, Russia, July 28, 1904.
Gov. Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, blown up by dynamite, December 31, 1905.
Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, attempt, May 31, 1906.
Carlos, King of Portugal, February 1, 1908.
Luís, Crown Prince of Portugal, February 1, 1908.
Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, shot by Robin Cooper, November 8, 1908.
Prince Ito, of Japan, killed by a Korean in Manchuria, October 26, 1910.
William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York, attempt, August 9, 1910.

crossing of lines of surface cars and the continuous stream of trucks. M. de Plehve was always apprehensive of attempts upon his life and used to drive as rapidly as possible. His coachman, however, was compelled to go slowly at this point.

On the Line.

"The assist over the way was boasting to me that his work is being hung on the line."

"Hump! So is his wife's."

Clover for Horses.

An experiment conducted at the Illinois Experiment station in fattening horses for market showed that clover is worth twice as much as timothy, pound for pound, in putting flesh on the animals. It is the belief of the station that its value will be more highly appreciated as a horse feed when corn forms all or a part of the grain ration than where all oats are fed. Clover hay, being rich in protein, renders it especially valuable for feeding young horses.

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE

Suddenly Bertrand realized that he had fallen in love. It came as a shock.

The circumstances were unusual. Bertrand was socially irrepresable. He was rich. He was therefore inexperienced in primitive emotions. He had made love to many women. But of love itself he knew nothing—until that fatal moment.

Their eyes met once more. He realized his doom. "Will you come into the conservatory?" he asked. "I wish to say something to you."

She adjusted her frock and followed. She had always lead before, but there was about her now a new contrition. She also was experiencing a feeling hitherto impossible. He divined her thought.

There was a silence. But at last he spoke.

"How do you account for it?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Her head drooped. He felt that he could not be mistaken. And yet, with the timidity of the genuine lover, he wished to be assured.

"Am I not right?" he stammered. "Do you—not—love—me—dearest?"

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

She was plainly embarrassed. She pressed in her delicate hand the fringe of her frock—in Paris an affair of 2,000 francs.

"I do not know," she said. "It is all so strange. I feel suddenly—that I can go with you, anywhere. I want you. I wish that we might wander away alone, in some simple natural way, and—and—"

"I understand," he whispered. "We have suddenly found each other, dearest. We, who have been blinded by false standards, have dropped from all in the twinkling of an eye, and love each other as men and women have loved since the world began."

Then he arose, his face ashen. A great crisis had arisen in their lives. These two, standing there in the dim light, realized that the inevitable had happened. Instinctively they both turned from each other. The utter hopelessness of their situation forced itself upon them simultaneously. There seemed, indeed, no hope.

He gazed at her at last, his face dull with despair. Then he exclaimed passionately:

"Oh, why did we ever marry?"

"We cannot help it now!" she whispered, brokenly. "We are married. All the papers had it. Everybody knows it. To be in love with each other now—to be seen together, holding hands, at Newport, at the race track, at Tuxedo, at polo games, on Fifth avenue maybe, at the opera—oh, it is too much! It would

be a lasting disgrace. No one would speak to us. We would be ostracized. Our life would be hell on earth."

"I know that," he replied bitterly. "Have you nothing to suggest?"

"Nothing."

Then her face brightened. "We might secure divorce," she said.

"What good would that do? It would still be just as bad form for us to love each other."

"But it would at least give us an excuse to be together. No one would suspect—then. It would at least be better than—this."

He snatched at the straw. "True," he said. "Come, let us hurry. Let us secure our divorce at once, so that I may have the right to kiss you in public without attracting attention. At least that. As for the future, who knows? Something else may occur."

He rang for his car. They dashed to the station. In five hours more they had secured their divorce.

As he bent over and kissed her good night he said:

"Darling, this is something gained. Think! Think! Maybe yet we may have the fullest opportunity to love each other."

"Come to-morrow night," she said, holding up her lips, "and I may have some news for you."

The next evening he called at the appointed time. It seemed hours before she came down. As she entered the room he knew that she had solved the problem.

"How is it?" he asked breathlessly. "We have won," she said. "Now, dear, we can love each other without fear of social ostracism. We can now be happy all the rest of our days."

He kissed her tenderly. "I knew that you would find the way," he whispered. "Tell me dearest what have you done?"

And she smiled simply as her head fell on his shoulder:

"I have married another man."

Rotation of Crops.

Wheat grown at the Minnesota Experiment Station continuously on the same plot since 1894 shows an average yield of 18.5 bushels per acre since 1900. Grown in the three-year rotation since 1900, the average yield has been 20.5 bushels per acre. No manure being given the plot, the increase must be charged alone to rotation, the seed and other conditions being substantially the same. In a five-year rotation, with manure well applied, covering the same period, the yield has averaged 26.5 bushels per acre, and the conclusion at the station is that more grain can be grown in three years of rotation than in four years of continuous cropping.